

The
QUEENS QUILL

Publication of
THE SPECTATOR CLUB

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THE QUEENS QUILL

Publication of THE SPECTATOR CLUB
of QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE
MAY, 1939

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INTRODUCTION

All during the year there have been new and obvious signs of progress on our campus: the re-decoration of the two parlors and the Dean's office; the redecoration and improvements in the Day Student building, which make it more of a student center; the continuation of the college radio programs; the new art course and improvements in the art department; and the weekly publication of the *Queens Blues* in place of the old bi-monthly plan. These and many other improvements make us aware of the progress of the College and we as students should promote and encourage such progress.

The Creative Writing Club, feeling the need of some publication to promote and encourage the creative writing of the students, made plans last fall for the publication of a booklet for this purpose.

The interest and co-operation of the other literary groups made possible the publication of this small magazine which we now present as the magazine of The Spectator Club.

This, of course, is not the first literary magazine to appear on our campus. *The Scepter*, our college magazine for a number of years, was combined with the annual in 1934 but since that time it has not been published.

THE QUEENS QUILL is an experiment and like most experiments has plenty of room for improvement. We hope, however, that it will reawaken a sense of need for a college magazine.

To the progress and literary interests of our college this initial copy of THE QUEENS QUILL is humbly dedicated.

THE WOMAN'S POET

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,

He saw thro' his own soul.

The marvel of the everlasting will,

An open scroll,

Before him lay—

Tennyson has been hailed as the King of Poets by men such as Wordsworth, and indeed he was the King of Poets in his own time. Now that the Victorian Age is past and man seems to have caught up with Time and passed it, Tennyson is still the King of Poets to those who revere womanhood, who seek peace, and who regard love as ideal in a delicate sense. Because of his reverence for women, his tender understanding of humanity, and his very idealism, he has become a poet much-loved by women. Like Hawthorne, our own poet of the great beauty, Tennyson was made a more perfect man by nature when

*"—a little she spared
From some finer-grained
Stuff for a woman prepared—"*

Who could have described a woman more beautifully and more understandingly than Tennyson did in his "Isabel," the portrait of his own mother? Not only did he paint a portrait and enclose it in a frame of idealism, but he made it live before our very eyes so that we *feel* the depth of her character rather than read it in her gentle, courageous face.

Tennyson has been dubbed "Victorian," "imitator," "snob," and other uncomplimentary appellations. True, he *was* the most representative poet of his age. He *did* learn to write in the ways of other writers in order to improve his own work, thus acquiring the name "imitator." But can one hold against him his attempts to better himself? Always the results of his work were new and individual. Is Shakespeare condemned because he took other men's plays, re-wrote them, and took the glory himself? No, Shakespeare improved those plays, and to him the credit belongs. Tennyson, likewise, rose to heights which his contemporaries could never attain, even though he perhaps began his career by "imitating" other writers.

Tennyson—yes, your “Victorian Snob”—is timeless. He will live, regardless of the animadversion of many cold critics. Who can forget the pathos and the grief in that beautiful elegy “In Memoriam”? What soul does not thrill to the triumph over sorrow and death which Tennyson experienced? Lastly, what other poet, forgetful of self, has put into words his own progress from a very particular grief to a universal emotion, and in attempting to confer immortality upon a friend, has conferred it rather upon himself?

As his truths shall live, so Tennyson shall live. Man and nature have been interwoven in the past, as now, and always shall be. Tennyson sang of this. Fineness and gentleness in judging character, forbearance, and toleration are to be sought after now just as much as Tennyson searched for them. Women, more than men, appreciate these things in a poet. They respond to the reverence and gentleness with which Tennyson treats womanhood. They delight in his conviction of women’s rights and their independence, so that they, after having once asserted that independence before *men*, very readily step back into the role of wife and mother, willing to be *dependent* upon what men like to feel is the “stronger sex.” All this Tennyson shows so beautifully in “The Princess.”

Yes, Tennyson is the woman’s poet, but he is also the poet after which men should strive to pattern their philosophy of living. He is *manly* in his very ideals of life and love, but his sort of manliness seems to have faded into what we term “femininity,” and the very opposite of his “femininity” are the manly traits of today!

We have only to admire his growth in character, maturity, and writing as the years went by. Not even in the great Shakespeare is there a more consistent development than in Tennyson. And, to add to that, he has as many quotable sayings of man and things as has Shakespeare himself. His great understanding of human nature, his sympathy for the “underdog,” his striving for nobility of soul, and his unselfishness, all, draw him nearer to us who, like him, have experienced love, sorrow, and happiness.

*I hold it true, whate’er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.*

MARY GRIFFIN.

He Who Laughs

*The world was full of gloom and stuff,
And things were in a mess;
There was too much of not enough
And a desperate need of less.*

*There was no moon, but it was clear;
Each star was in his place.
No one much cared to interfere
With our intelligent race.*

*Many a home in quietude spent
That Sunday in the fall,
And knew no thought of discontent
Thinking no thoughts at all.*

*Yet through the air, by means mechanic
A melodrama jars
Our lethargic people into panic
With news of a raid from Mars!*

—JAY.

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* * *

Request

*Time looked at me
Through shiny spectacles
And sighing, drew
Forth his keys.
With rusty squeaks
Unlocked his cupboard
And unsmiling, dour,
Gave me this hour.*

JULIA EDWARDS.

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POEM IN PROSE

Blue, of course, is the color of Monday. It's the blue of the April sky when the wet, sweet-smelling clothes are flapping on the line. The trees welcome home the bluebirds, following in the train of Spring, and there is a faint mist before the sun. Yes, blue is the color of Monday.

Tuesday is golden yellow. A sparkling coin—fresh from the week's store. It filters sunshine over sidewalks and daffodils and is wanton with its lavish gifts. Tuesday takes its color from the sun.

Do you think Wednesday could be green? Yes it's green. So serviceable, it goes with anything. It goes very well with Tuesday and Thursday, just as the grass goes with everything else in the world. Everyday green.

Here's Thursday—grey, I think. Just the stolid stepping-stone to Friday. The weather-beaten signpost that nobody looks at, just passes. Grey would be the color of Thursday—the interim . . .

Scotch plaid Friday! Kaleidoscope of colors flashing by, breathless. Bright lights—laughter and voices—light-hearted, fleeting things—parti-colored hours swiftly passing . . .

Saturday flauntingly wears a red evening gown at night, checked gingham in the morning. Quick memories of unimportant things, hopscotch and housecleaning and cool, dark picture-shows. All the faces down the crowded, shrieking street . . .

The color of Sunday is pale violet, soft and quiet. Dreamy tint harking back to bells and lofty towers and deep calm. The end of endeavor and the time of contemplation at dusk . . .

JULIA EDWARDS.

* * *

Perspective

*I looked out Life's window, and laughed
And looking learned to smile with tears.
Today your shadow falls across my heart's door
And breathlessly I wait the years.*

HENRIETTA MCIVER.

Reprinted by Permission, *Queens Blues*, 1938.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

It was a moonless night but the stars were trying to pierce the darkness which brooded over the African village. In one of the little mud-and-stick huts Kahinga was stretched out on the dirt floor with the other members of her family. She was just a little girl, eleven years old, but tomorrow she was leaving her father's house to become the property of another man.

The childish face hardened in the darkness as Kahinga thought of the cruel father who was giving her away in payment of a debt. Why, oh, why had her father borrowed those two goats from Nkashama, the chief? Why did he have to treat his friends who had gone on the leopard hunt with him? And now just because her father did not have enough cowry shells to pay for the goats, Nkashama was to take her in payment. Nkashama! How like his name he was. How ruthless he was, even as the leopard for whom he was named.

Oh, why did she have to join his harem? She knew other girls who had entered its walls, and she had heard of the ceaseless squabbles with the older wives, of the unending hopelessness of endeavoring to please the chief. She hated him! She hated him!

A shudder passed through her body as Kahinga thought on, "And someday Nkashama will die! Then . . . then . . . he will need spirits to accompany him into the unknown."

Now she started sobbing, crying in fear, as there rose before her the vision of a long, wide grave into which more than one of the chief's wives would accompany him.

"Baba wanyi," she stammered, but her mother was on the other side of the hut, and her father moved in his sleep. Because Kahinga was afraid of waking him, she clinched her fists and swallowed the sobs.

With her eyes on the few dying coals in the middle of the floor, she clutched the charm which hung from her neck; the medicine man had given it to her. It would keep away the evil spirit. Yet what good would it do to be protected from evil spirits as long as her father had possession of her, or was going to let Nkashama take her?

She wondered dully what could possibly prevent Nkashama's slave from coming to claim her at high noon the next day. How could she escape? She considered going out to hide under cover of the chilly night, but fear of evil spirits and lurking animals in search of prey weakened her purpose.

In her despair she doubted that even the coming of the Zapa-zaps could save her. For months she had heard rumors of those cruel warriors who burned villages, killed men and children, and sold the women and girls into slavery. How unbelievably horrible it would be to be sold as a slave to a strange tribe! Yet would not even that, perhaps, be preferable to what she was to undergo?

Her sobs ceased as she listened to the throbbing of drums. Somehow the sound of the drummer sending messages to the neighboring villages soothed her, and she fell asleep.

With the first streaks of red in the sky, sounds of running feet were heard outdoors. Someone threw aside the stick door which leaned against the hut and stuck his head inside. At the sight of him Kahinga shrank back into the darkness, for she feared it was Nkashama's messenger come to take her. However, the man merely gave the sharp command, "Come to the meeting place."

The natives piled out of the hut as fast as possible, and hastened toward's the chief's house. Other people were on their way, but quite a crowd had already reached the destination. As she sped along through the village, Kahinga's heart beat faster. Perhaps, just perhaps, if Nkashama was busy with affairs of state, he would fail to send for her today. What could this assembly mean? The men standing nearest the chief were evidently greatly excited for they carried spears and were gesticulating fiercely. Women along the side-lines were wailing and clasping their children tightly to their hearts. Dogs and children of all sizes filled up the vacant places left by the elders.

"Etshi ntshinji?" questioned Kahinga, but the drummer beat his drum.

Comparative silence reigned as the chief rose to speak:

"For several moons we have heard rumors of those fierce warriors the Zapa-zaps, who are sweeping over the country. Early this morning my drummer told me that during the night, by means of drum calls from Luputa, he had learned that the Zapa-zaps had reached the other side of the river, and may arrive here this morning, if they find means of crossing the water. The women set up a wail but the chief raised his hand for silence.

He continued, "Men, prepare to fight and send your women and children to the forest to hide. Women and children get in the way at such a time as this."

As she watched the sneer which overspread the chief's face, Kahinga grew cold with hate and fear.

Before the crowd adjourned, the medicine man was brought forward to perform a wild dance and call down the evil spirits on the heads of their enemies. Then the surging mass of black bodies was broken up into individuals who hastened down the sandy path.

Kahinga hunted wildly for her mother and on finding her begged, "Netue za tshinji?" ("What shall we do?")

"Why, here, take your baby brother, while I tend to the other children."

Kahinga grabbed the sleeping child, settled him on her hip, and moved out into the noisy throng which moved towards the forest trail. They looked like a long column of driver ants. Along the way two's and three's disappeared into the dense underbrush. Kahinga waited until she reached the spring before making her way off the trail. Getting into the forest any distance was a slow process because the vines were many, thorny branches stuck at her bare skin, and she had to lookout for snakes.

At last, she and her little brother had reached a spot which she considered safe enough. She sat down among the leaves at the foot of a tree and tried to lull the baby back to sleep. She shook him soothingly until he slept.

Leaning against the tree trunk, Kahinga imagined what was happening in the village. Her father was no doubt getting together his hunting knives, his bow, and poisoned arrows.

The hours dragged by slowly. Her brother woke up and after awhile started crying for food. She tried to hush the child, but he sobbed on. Perhaps a drink would silence him. She managed to clamber back to the stream with him on her hip. On reaching the water, she gave him a drink, then quenched her own thirst.

Standing up, Kahinga waded in the stream. After all, there was no particular point in hiding quite this deep in the forest. No Zapazap would be apt to come to the spring. Nothing was happening down here.

When she reached the place where the women came to get water, Kahinga sat down on the bank, dangling her feet in the stream. A brilliant red bird flew through a rift in the trees overhead; it had evidently been startled by something, but the girl was too tired to notice.

Suddenly, she realized that footsteps were coming down the trail. Springing to her feet she clasped her brother tighter and sprang recklessly into the underbrush—recklessly for the baby was scratched by a thorn and began to cry. Heedless of his wails, she hurried on. They must hide! That might be an enemy coming.

She did not seem to be making much headway. Her little brother was very heavy; he seemed to grow heavier. Out of breath, Kahinga sank down, hopeless. A sob rose in her throat. Evidently someone had heard her brother's cries, for she could hear the tearing aside of vines, and the muttered words in a language new to her.

She settled down among the leaves, trying to hide herself and the baby as well as possible. But, but—suddenly she screamed, for the meanest face she had ever seen was peering down at her. A bloody hand reached out to take her brother from her. She held him tighter. No, no! Zapa-zap could steal her brother! But a knife was raised, then plunged into the child's back. He gasped a gurgling cry.

Clinging to his dying body, Kahinga tried to run, tried to escape somehow. She stumbled and was pulled roughly to her feet. Then the warrior pushed her on ahead of him until they reached the trail.

"Baba wanji, baba," she started to wail, but when the grasp on her shoulder tightened, she stopped crying. As her captor forced her on up the hill to the village, she knew that she was being led to join the band of other slaves. She raised her eyes to the sky. High noon—but Nkashama's messenger would never take her to the chief's harem.

DOROTHY LONGENECKER.

♦ ♦ ♦

Heart's Song

*My heart is the spot within
Which deep contentment fills
When we are free to wander
The azure-outlined hills.*

*A dark green spire against the sky
 Spells peace in fragrant May;
 The soft, crushed grass in shadow shows
 Where late a wild thing lay.*

*I like your hand to be in mine—
 Your matching step as swiftly light.
 Yours is the right to share my peace
 When Dusk gathers the night.*

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE

In 1856 and 1857, in Charlotte, North Carolina, under the direction of a stock company composed of some members of the Presbyterian Church, Queens-Chicora College had its beginning. A building was erected in 1857 at College and Ninth Streets, and Dr. and Mrs. Robert Burwell—for whom Burwell Hall is now named—were chosen as heads of the institution. It was then known as The Charlotte Female Institute; in 1868, the name was changed to Charlotte Institute for Young Ladies.

Dr. Burwell was succeeded by Dr. Robert Chapman, Dr. S. T. Martin, and Dr. James Atkinson (for whom the Science Building is named). In 1896, Miss Lily Long became president of the school. In 1901, it went under the control of Mecklenburg and Concord Presbyteries and was called The Presbyterian College for Women.

In 1912, with Dr. J. L. Caldwell as president, the college was moved to its present location in Myers Park. The name was changed again, this time to Queens College—in commemoration of the name given the first denominational college built in North Carolina, which was established by our Presbyterian forefathers in 1771.

In June, 1921, Dr. W. H. Frazer was chosen as President of Queens College. Under his able direction, a period of development began. In 1924, the Practice House was built, and in 1927 the Sara E. Morrison Hall.

Queens, in 1930, merged with Chicora College of Columbia, South Carolina, where it had moved in 1915, some time after its organization in Greenville. Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Byrd, its President and Dean, came into the joint organization. In 1932, the college, now known as Queens-Chicora, was admitted into the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. In 1933, the Elizabeth Blair Day Student Union was built. In May, 1938, Dr. Frazer resigned from the presidency; his successor is yet to be named.

Queens-Chicora is still located in Myers Park, in Charlotte, and is under the ownership and control of the Synod of South Carolina and the Presbyteries of Mecklenburg, Kings Mountain, and Greenville in the Synod of North Carolina.

Student government came into existence in 1921, and has proved very successful. The first National Sorority was granted its charter in 1928; there are now six National Sororities functioning on the

campus, each with its own Chapter House on Sorority Row. Many other student organizations, including Sigma Mu—honorary scholarship fraternity—and Alpha Kappa Gamma—honorary leadership fraternity, have arisen. Each has contributed toward the growth and development of the institution.

The Department of Music has always been an important one. There were a number of German music instructors—among whom was Mr. Von Myerhoff, considered a genius. The first Philharmonic Society Concert, under the direction of Prof. Carl S. Gaertner, was given May 3, 1889. In 1896, Mr. McLean gave Musical Festivals with the assistance of singers and orchestras from Baltimore. The pipe organ purchased in 1901 was exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition that year and was at that time the third largest in the world. Today there is a splendid Music Department, offering courses in voice, piano, organ, instrumental music, and theory.

Ever since its beginning, Queens has had a definite, wholesome Christian atmosphere. As in its first years, students are still required to attend Church and to observe the Sabbath in a quiet and worshipful manner. Morning chapel services and Sunday evening vespers, as well as various activities of the Student Christian Association, contribute toward the development of well-rounded character and Christian womanhood.

During the years, many traditions have arisen on the campus. That of early morning walks, led by faculty members, survived until 1912. The Boar's Head ceremony originated at Queens College in England. This is a Christmas tradition, as are the servants' Christmas tree, and caroling on the campus. May Day, with seniors serving as ushers, is a well-known custom. Commencement traditions are: Senior week; Class Day, with daisy chain and changing of class colors; baccalaureate sermon, with junior marshals. The College colors are light blue and dark blue; Freshman and Juniors and Sophomores and Seniors are sister classes.

At present Queens-Chicora has an enrollment of over four hundred; a well-organized curriculum offers preparation in almost any chosen field of work. A new building program was initiated in 1937, and the growth of the institution will undoubtedly continue to be rapid; it will probably occupy a leading place among educational institutions of the South.

OLIVE CROSWELL.

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO"

RACHEL FIELD

At the age of sixty-two, Henriette Desportes Field could look around her house and see all the familiar objects that had suddenly become animate, so bound up were they with all the happy years she had spent upon American soil. The many dear things in their accustomed places brought to her mind the words her husband had said only the day before, "All this, and heaven too!" Yes, her life there had been beautiful; she and Henry Field had used their different worlds and temperaments as a glorious background for a lovely, successful marriage. Yet, she could remember a time when life seemed futile, had no meaning, was as empty as a glass with the last drop drained from it. She hadn't been one to give up, though, this Henriette Field, with her fortitude, her amazing personal magnetism, and her pride.

Henriette had a way with children that always guaranteed her employment in the days of the 1840's, when governesses were essential to young ladies and little gentlemen. Indeed, this gift had procured for her a position in the ill-fated household of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin. Among the numerous, high-spirited children of the Duc and Duchesse, Henriette had an opportunity to catch some of the youth she had never known, as well as show her ability as a teacher and a manager. It was a nightmare, however, when she remembered how she unwittingly became the pivot about which one of the most notorious murder cases in France revolved. She had been caught in a web of scandal and conflict; usually she managed successfully to meet crises after crises, but what could she do against a woman well nigh mad with jealousy, who accused Henriette of stealing the affections of her children and her husband? Yes, Henriette had loved those young charges—who could resist them, brilliant, fun-loving, kind-hearted as they were! They had adored her, but were afraid and sullen in the presence of their mother the Duchesse, who had never taken the trouble to become acquainted with them. The Duc had appreciated her efforts in behalf of his children, and between the two had sprung a strange, baffling friendship. That was all, for the man was too miserable under the feverous eyes of his possessive wife to enjoy anything.

The climax had come as a complete surprise to Henriette. During all the days of a hideous murder trial, she amazed a hostile police

with her poise, her careful, truthful answers to the questions they fired at her. When the Duc died, after confessing to the murder of his wife, Henriette's sudden freedom was almost unwelcome. She had no place to go, no one to whom she might turn.

But there, across the threshold of her life, stepped a small, stocky American with a clear eye, and an immense heart. Henry Field, preacher, editor, and writer. In America, Henriette found a home, a people who cared not for her past, but delighted in her sparkling wit, her little Parisian shrug, and her charming personality. She did nothing great; she lived only wisely, thoroughly, making friends of William Cullen Bryant, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Fanny Kemble, people who really counted. Her home became a gathering place, and people often said to one another, "Ah, yes, I met you at the Fields' on last Sunday evening."

Now, alone in a room where a memory caressed every object, Henriette was thinking of the recent verdict a doctor had given her. She had not told Henry; time enough for that. She could not bear the thought of leaving him behind; she wanted to live these last months to the full. Through the window she could see the carriage approaching, bringing guests. She arose, and with quiet grace moved to welcome them, her friends and her husband.

CALLIE MC ELROY.

♦ ♦ ♦

Radio Hymn

*With reverent love we sing to thee;
Our hearts o'er flow with loyal praise.
Dear Queens-Chicora, ever be
Our guard and shield of college days.
Let echoes of the spirit ring
As through the years thy song we sing.*

*Thy guiding standards lead us on
To paths of wisdom, faith, and truth;
Bequeathed to us by daughters gone,
And giving strength to present youth.
Our glorious hymn of love we raise
To sing our Alma Mater's praise.*

HENRIETTA McIVER.

SIX MONTHS TO LIVE

I have six months to live. The doctor says so. He does not think that physical or mental exertion will hasten death or that rest will delay it. He is very kind, very gentle as he delivers my ultimatum. I walk out of his office, which has suddenly become unbearably stifling, into brisk, cool air. I take deep breaths. I will not live to see the red and yellow leaves of fall.

Death.

Shall I tell those at home? Shall I have a weeping, mourning family around me during the last six months of life? Solicitous for my every want? Carefully ignoring the supremacy of death, cautiously avoiding mention of sicknesses, stopping short and stumbling over a funeral-like word? Steeling themselves to inevitable sorrow? Training their faculties to overleap a void? No, I will not tell them. They shall not know—what I know.

The doctor will explain to my family that to improve my rundown mental and physical condition, it is better for me to leave school. And so I will not wait on the corner for the Providence Bus, or the Selwyn or the Queens Road, because I will not be going to school, and friends there will not be saddened by my death.

I will not be going to school—but . . .

How nice to get up early in the mornings—take long walks before breakfast—notice every trivial, every beautiful thing that will not be mine to notice long. I will walk far enough so that I may take deep breaths of pure air without the city-smells seeping into my lungs. A hearty appetite will be the result, and how I shall eat. I love to eat. After breakfast I shall work and read. In my books I shall seek the comfort that I have never found before—no, nor never needed before. It will be beautiful.

In the afternoon I shall walk again in an entirely different direction. I shall go to the post office often, because I find it fascinating—people coming in—people going out—boy scouts buying money orders—boys reading the “Join the Navy” “Enlist in the Army” signs—giggling girls looking at the wanted criminals’ faces—men buying postage for huge packages—flowery ladies with gracious smiles and whiffs of perfume—and me looking at them—all. I shall stop by the library and realize too intensely that now I shall never have time to read through the bound periodicals. But I will try.

I will finish this continued story, but I will not begin another; I should not want to leave any unfinished business . . .

I shall look up at every face that comes through the library door. What thoughts lie under the placidness of other people's faces? What inexplicable happiness and joy, what turmoil and sadness might with a glance of understanding show through the thin veneer of elastic, which stretches to smile, contorts to grimace, and puckers to frown? What? The pretty girl who reigns supreme in the Carolina ticket box, the silent blind man with the pencils, the policeman's cheeks puffed with whistling—how strange to think that these will be when I am gone.

My scrapbooks will receive the attention they demand. I shall paste in all my scattered clippings—pictures of home-folks; sayings of Winchell; a cartoon or two of *Out Our Way*; a bright, cartoon of seven plain little men clustered lovingly around Snow White; a picture of some boy, handsome, unknown. They will be neater and nicer than I have ever kept them—these scrapbooks. They are not important, but they are my work and me. Mother will like them.

I shall answer my mail promptly. I don't want to leave a single letter unanswered. I will do my letter-writing after supper; and afterwards, again I will read. Then, to bed—no dances—no dates—no anything—just lovely deep sleep. And my bed shall be by the window—so that my last wakeful moment will hold a scattering of bright stars and the serene queen of sable darkness. I will sleep in a hurry to wake up the next beautiful morning. Every new day will be beautiful.

On Saturdays what fun I shall have shopping, and what adorable clothes I shall buy! Clothes will be very important, and I shall have no qualms over asking mother for an extra dollar or two, when it will help with a pair of Mexican Huaraches, a belt of jingly coins, a turquoise blouse, a circular-pleated, red skirt, a bird's nest hat perky with eggs and ribbons, or a cool, white dress of soft silk.

Mother and I will go to the theater often. It will be so easy to forget myself, dramatizing, as I will, the role of the actress, fighting to protect my good name, struggling to tear my children in spite of the corrupt neighborhood, being hurt by the one I love, and being loved by the one I love. I shall listen to the Philharmonic on Sundays while Dad nods off; how comforting to think that in other homes death will touch, there are those who echo our laughs with Charlie McCarthy, and there are those who wait breathlessly on the

news broadcasts. Will war come? Does it matter now? And television? I wonder if I shall see that.

Not one single moment will be dull—I will have time to experiment with nail polishes, lipsticks, hairdo's—I will go swimming in the warm months in a strapless, white suit of satin—it will not be dull. To self-consciousness I will be a stranger; embarrassment and bashfulness I will eject from my make-up. I will be a show-off, singing when I am asked to sing, though it be but badly, acting, reciting, playing the piano; I will do my family-famous hula on the slightest provocation.

I shall be nicer to my brother.

I will do these things because I can—I am able. I shall glory in my ability as an actress. No one will know what I know—that in six months . . .

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

Memories

*Oftimes when alone by my fireside
Wrapped up in the comfort of thought,
My mind wanders back to my childhood,
And the one thing in life that I sought.*

*Now that I am older and wiser
I can see what I missed as a child;
The help and the love of a Mother
Is all that is really worth while.*

*Sometimes in the deepening twilight
I can hear her voice so divine
Saying, "John, you have grown quite a bit
But my! you are looking so fine."*

*Oh, I know that she must have been goodness
And happiness, beauty, and truth,
All these and more she must have been,
The Mother I lost in my youth.*

SARAH THOMPSON.

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The Garden

Once as I was walking,
I met a holly-bock;
She looked at me and winked
And almost seemed to talk.

Beside her was a tulip—
Prim and slightly tall;
She raised her shiny yellow nose
And wouldn't speak at all.

And as I wandered farther,
I saw a pansy gay;
She sweetly smiled at me
And wanted me to stay.

But when I could not tarry,
I winked a farewell look;
I went gaily down the walk
And so my leave I took.

NELLE BOOKOUT.

* * *

Burial of Pope Pius XI

The bells have tolled,
The black-draped carriages have rolled
On his last pilgrimage.

His mourners lighted tapers bear
In long procession up the winding stair,
A gallery of stars.
“A Prince of Peace” was he, and kind
To all the unforeseeing and the blind . . .
Because he walked with God.

A princely tomb receives him from the light
Into a world, for him, devoid of night,
His crown, unending peace.

A victor from a vanquished world
Of greed and war and hate, unfurled,
His spirit rises.

Through vaguely troubled seas of fear,
The world, in bondage, yet will hear
His passing, like the falling of a tear.

JULIA EDWARDS.